

# A new balade of the worthy seruice of late

doen by Maister Strangwige in Fraunce, and of his death.

**E**ngland hath lost a Soldiour of late  
who Strangwige was to name:  
Although he was of meane estate  
His deedes deserued fame.

**F**or as the Plowman plowes þe ground  
And topleth to til for cozne:  
So Stragwige sought a deadly wound  
For Brittain where he was bozne.

**I**n deede of birth he was bozne bace  
Although of worþipful kyn:  
In youth he sought to runne the race  
Where he might prowes wyn.

**I**n his yong yeares he walked wyde  
And wandred oft a stray:  
For why, blynd Cupid did him guyde  
To walke that wylsome way.

**T**hus here & there I wot not where  
He sounded where to ryde:  
But happy hauen he found no where  
Nor harbour for to abyde.

**B**ut when he had the course out run  
Where Pyrates priet the Carde:  
Twyse at the least, he thought vndone  
And looked for his rewarde.

**F**or by legall lawes he was condemnid  
Yet Mercy bare the mace  
And in respect he wold amend  
He found a Princes grace.

**A**nd in that state he bowed to GOD  
And to his righteous Queene:  
He wold nomore deserue such rod  
Nor at Justice barre be scene.

**H**e thus contented for a whyle  
And laughed Fortune to scozne:  
Cyl weeds did worke by subtil guyle  
To ouergrow the cozne.

**A**nd then occasion serued iust  
That Marttall men must trudge:  
He baunced himselfe with bali aunt iust  
To go he did not grudge.

**A**nd to the sea he sought a charge  
where he might take his chaunce:  
And therewith spred his sayles at large  
To seke a porte in Fraunce.

**A**nd passed by a warlyke towne  
where municion lay a land  
He spoyld and cut their chaynes a down  
And passed by strong hand.

**W**here as he caught a deadly wound  
Yet his courage neuer quapled:  
But as he had ben safe and sound  
On his way forth he sayled.

**A**nd passed througheuen to that porte  
where he bowed to aryue:  
And syl he did his men counfort  
And courage did them geue.

**T**hen A T R O P O S did him assaile  
That al Adams kynnd doth call:  
Against whose force may none preuaile  
But subiect to him all.

**T**his life (o he) which was me lent  
from iudgement seat in perrill:  
I came with heart for that entent  
To spend in my Queenes quarell.

**T**herfore this debt here wil I pay  
This life which is not mine:  
O Lord receyue my spirit to say  
That by Christes death is thine.

**A**ll Subjects now, loke and foresee  
That to trade the warres pretend:  
Offendours eke (if any there bee)  
Make ye no worse an end.

**FINIS. W. Birch.**

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